

THE
Coffee Scuffle,
Occasioned by a
CONTEST

Between a
Learned Knight,
AND A
Pitifull Pedagogue.
WITH
The Character of a COFFEE-HOUSE.



L O D O N,
Printed and are to be sold at the Latine Coffee
House near the Stocks. 1662.

THE
Office of the
Commissioner of the
General Land Office

WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 1, 1900

Dear Sir:
In reply to your letter of the 28th inst. regarding the
land in the name of the United States, to-wit: the
land in the name of the United States, to-wit: the

Very respectfully,
J. D. DODD,
Commissioner of the General Land Office.



THE Coffee Scuffle.

[1]
OF Gyants and Knights, and their terrible
Fights
We have stories enough in Romances,
Of *Hercule's* Beam, and one ey'd *Polipheme*,
With *Don Quixot's* attempts and mischances :

[2]
But Il' tell you a tale, worth a Noggin of Ale
Of a Combate was lately begun
Between a brave Knight, and a pitiful Wight
That out of th' Arena did run.

[3]
I was t'other day, in a place as they say
Where Doctors and Schollars assemble :
Where the folk do speak, nought but Latin & Greek
O'twould make a poor Vicar to tremble !

[4]
For hither resort, a throng of each sort,
Some clad in blew-aprons, some fatten;
And each Prentice-boy, and brave Hobedehoi
Doth call for his Coffee in Latine.

A 2

5. But

[5]

But did you but hear, their Latin I fear,
You'd laugh till you'd burst your brechees;
To see with what state, they break Prissians pate
And yet do but scratch where it itches.

[6]

One talks, I suppose, of *Ovid's* great Nose,
With a Bridge as broad as a Biliad;
A third breaks his tooth, with cracking forsooth
a nutshel to get out an Iliad.

[7]

One stands on his head, so Statesmen are said
To kick their heels up in the Air
Another Ile be swore, doth crawle on all four,
And lick up the dust with great care.

[8]

The former man he, cries up Philosophy
Admireth brave *Euclid*, *Discartis*;
The one he crumps roots, and the other he moots,
And he's a good Lawyer, a fart he's.

[9]

The one talks of News, the other of Stews,
And a third of pick-pockets and Bears,
A fourth doth always curse Masques, Balls and Plays
Great *Belzebubs* markets he swears.

[10]

One loves Mathematicks, the other Fanaticks
Store of *Mercuries* here to be found;
A third's for a Lecture, a fourth a Conjecture,
A fift for a penny in the pound.

[11]

One Quack doth pretend to foretell the last end,
Of Antichrist even to an hour ;
And dares to prefix the year sixty six
As the period of the Beasts power.

[12]

The one is for canting the other for ranting,
With laughing indangers his crupper ;
A fourth's for a Fast, eight hours to last
But with a good Breakfast and Supper.

[13]

The one bids apox, upon *Beza* and *Knox*
And the rest of that damnable Crew,
Crys up *Blundel* and *Grotius*, *Arminius* and *Vossius*
As the Doctors that only speak true.

[14]

Another's for *Lockier*, sweet *Powel* and *Knocker*,
Brother *Jesse* and honey mouth'd *Brook*,
Who's a licencie of late, to break *Prissians* pate
And say that his Printer mistook.

[15]

Some are for *Taylor*, and some are for *Naylor*
And others do cry up the Whipper ;
A third is for *Kiffin*, a fourth is for *Giffin*,
And a fifth for *Paul Hobs* the Dipper.

[16]

One's for a *Teazar*, anothers for *Keyser*,
A third doth his *Gildas* adore,
The Countesses Usher, and *Babylons* pusher
That can't pay his debts he's so poor.

[17]

Which was the viler, *Jack Straw* or *Wat Tyles*,
Or the mad Fifth-monarchy vermine?
Whether *Harringtons Rota* or *Boyls Vertuosa*
Be the nobler design they determine?

[18]

Other fit and tell tales, of Wakes and Wiffon Ales,
and the Whore of *Romes* bauble the Maypole,
The rest vent their whimsys, concerning the Chim-
upon which the Parliament lay tole. (neys,

[19]

And others I find do discourse of the Wind,
And how the Trees kickt up their heels:
How *Christ Church* at *Normich*, the *Busses* at *Harwich*
was blown down, and turn'd up their keels.

[20]

How the Countryman smil'd to see's Cock-loft un-
and the Sun peep thorough the rafters, (til'd
And how't blew the rug, from off *Robin* and *Jug*,
and turn'd topfeturvey the *Wasters*.

[21]

The one swaggers and swears, against Altars and
And bleffeth the Convocation; (prayers
Saith 'tis a bad wirk, to make costive the Kirk,
Conformitie's no Reformation.

[22]

There are many that fear, the plague will be here
Before the fourth next month is over.
Another says may this choke me, if *Corbet* and *Okey*
And *Barkstead* an't landed at *Dover*.

[23]

The one see's an Asse within a fine glasse,
And smickers and grins at the same;
And wonders I swear which way he came there,
Into that fine Ebony frame.

[24]

The other talks louder, for *Sr. Kenelms* powder;
more soveraign than that of Steel,
Makes use of the fiction of pitifull *Ixion*,
And alwaies is turning the wheel.

[25]

The one he doth smoke, and the other good foke,
Say Tobacco's a stinking vapour;
Another can dandle, a Theife in a Candle,
But crucifie *Christ* in a Taper.

26. And

[27]

And thus are they all, both great, wise and small
Ingag'd in such tattle if not worse:
And evr'y one doth speak, like the members of *Feak*,
or the Gossips that follow a Course.

[28]

The Hoast on my Soul's an ingenious Pole,
Like *John* in the Wildernesse di'ght,
The man is so pirt, and his loynes are begirt,
And the Locusts swarm there every night.

[29]

Good Coffee he draws, and shirbets because,
They'r pleasant, and sweet Chockalet,
The former doth spe'd all fumes from the head,
And the last makes the P-- to curvet.

[30]

No sack is here drunk, her's no Baud, Whore or Punk
But pimping fanaticks good store:
The Stocks are too neer, for good Ale, and strong
And the Counter to keepe'r a Whore. (Beer

[31]

Here come loyal Souls, and fanaticall Fools,
The sons both of God and the Devil:
Where Loyalists brew, there fanaticks bake too,
And the good will be mixt with the evil.

[35]

Yet none of them dare speak Latine I swear,
But a Quack, the more is the wonder:
And a dull *Pedagog* with a snout lik a hogg,
And a face as flat as a Flounder.

[36]

He whips his boyes Asses and tickles their Tasses,
Sees which is a man which a woman:
And the poor Schollars nock, is his Dyal and Clock;
But his own pocky nose is the *Gnomon*.

[37]

He sits like a King, a Tyrannical thing,
His Desk is his Chair and his Throne:
His Scepters a rod, and his globe is a clod,
And an old *Oxford* Custard his Crown.

[38]

Verses and Theams, the petitions it seems,
which the Shcollars do bring, and he teares:
And whether he doth break, I cannot well speak,
Poor prissians pate oftner or Theirs.

[39]

The Welsh man Cot tam her, doth Kenn not the
Desires *Ap Williams* direction, *Grammar*:
His mony he earns, but the first thing her learns,
I dare say is an *Interjection*.

[40]

But if so be some of his Schollars are com'e,
To that part, which is called *Syntaxe*;
The *Concords* do reach to the Rod and the Breech,
And *figura* is read on their backs.

B

41. He

[41]

He has a forehead of brass, and eares like an Ass
And he uses the Welshmans houlter:
His nose and his snout, jet forth like a spout,
Or if you please like a Plow Coulter.

[42]

His breath's muckle strong, and his eye brows are
Yet hath never a hair on his chin: (long,
His wide mouth hath swallow'd his cheeks that are
And his bones do crump in his skin. (hollow'd

[43]

His eyes are as little as those of a Beetle,
But O when he fettles to speak:
I dare say you may welly, look into his belly,
Another devils arse a peeke.

[44]

His breath would even fill, a sail drive a mil,
His Countenance hollow and meager;
Yet his buttocks below, very liking do show,
And his stomach is coming and eager.

[45]

His face doth look Callous, like one dropt from the
Or some of your Newgate Cattel, (Gallows,
But when he speaks plumbs, fill his wizzin and
I'd as live hear my Grannums breach twattle. (gums

[46]

The man would be kickt, that should think him a
For all his thin jaws and course grain, (pickt:
Since the Carrets I trow that do on his head grow,
Do rather declare him a Dane.

47. Hee

[47]

He hath never a beard, and wel't may be fear'd,
That the Gentleman wants a Bobin,
Let me be asperst if hee's not hoperarc't,
Like Aniseed water *Robin*.

[48]

He's a Batchelor, as some do aver,
And solitarily doth live:
He's too nee'r on my life, to marry a wife,
Too gluttoning chastly to live.

[49]

Whither's hand, or his foot, his glove or his boot
Are the biggest I cannot well tell:
Or which of the two make the greatest adoe,
I ken not the dog or his bell.

[50]

Should *Egypt* I say, thy face but survey,
Thy ugliness they would adore:
And think thee some odde, old *Memphian* god,
Found lately cast upon the shoar.

[51]

Let *Africa* see her Monsters in thee,
The *Crooked'ile*, *Pardus*, and *Iaccall*:
A kennel of those, doth thy person disclose,
More deformed then those that are black all.

[52]

Sure the Curtaines were rung, with monsters were
Or thy Father and Mother were Meager; (hung,
So *Dames* heretofore, by phancying a *More*,
Have been brought to bed of a *Neager*.

[33]

He's a *Socinian* in some mens opinion;
Denyes the divinity of our Saviour:
But I am sure He, hath no humanity,
If I understand but behaviour.

[54]

One night above others he met his gude Bro-
And down to the Table he sits: (thers,
Falls a talking of Latine, like ruffling of Satine,
Excepting his hums, and his hits.

[55]

It chanced that night; that a Learned Knight,
The glory and shame of the Citty,
Came into the Room as he used to come,
A person both serious and witty.

[56]

Rome never did know, nor *Athens* I trow,
One speak pvrer Latine and Greek,
If *Tully* were here, or *Demosthenes* neer,
They could not more fluently speak.

[57]

That Schollars are Clowns, and flovings in Gowns
My Grannum I oft have heard say;
Call 'em blunt tooles, and dogmaticall fooles,
Good only to preach and to pray.

[58]

But Sir I is a Shollar, 'll wage you a doller,
A Gentleman both born and bred:
Bloud, vertue, or either, no buskin or feather,
Have made him to be so I ded.

[59]

Tapsters and Groomes, and men that sell broomes,
Did see his accomplishments thorough,
And had not the spie been blind with one eye,
He had been *Burgefs* for the Burrough.

[60]

Yet nevertheless none but will confess,
Sir *I*'s of a generous temper:
Who know's how to obey, can rule I dare say,
Subjection's the way to an Empire.

[61]

The Knight, of no worse did begin to discourse,
then of books and of Tongues and of arts:
But first in the way he a Query did lay,
And after his judgment imparts.

[62]

His Queries were not such as *Harrington* wrote,
That deserved a frown and a search:
Nor were they indeed such as Captain *Mead*,
Did make at *St. Alhallow's Church*.

[63]

The query was this, what the reason is,
That *Holland*, a thick and gross aire,
Should breed as good wits, if not better by hits,
Than *England* a Region more fair:

[64]

He instanc'd in *Vossius*, *Erasmus*, and *Grotius*,
In *Heinsius* and *Schurman* the wonder:
Spanhemius, *Barleus*, *Vanhelmout*, *Wallens*,
Whose fame hath resounded like Thunder.

65 But

[65]

But *Grotius* alone, is sufficiently known,
Great Master of Tongues, and of Arts;
Whom Papists deplore, Protestants adore,
For his profound learning and parts.

[66]

Grotius, whose Name, on the wings of fame,
Hath been carried where *Grotius* is dumb:
The talk of these dayes the wonder and maze,
Of all generations to come.

[67]

Athens and *Syracuse*, *Smarta*, and famous *Greece*,
Jernsalem live in his story:
And he that shall read his Latine indeed,
Will swear he sees *Rome* in his glory.

[68]

His Poems do prove how the *Muses* did love,
The babe, when it lay in its Cradle; (knees
How they hung like fond bees, on his lips and his
As Historians of *Plato* do fable.

[69]

Before ever (we know) that *Grotius* could goe,
Or the least of a man could discover:
His fancie and wit on *Poeticall* feet,
Had travel'd the Vniverse over.

[70]

Princes and great ones, owe their Scepters and
To him for his learned defence, (Crownes,
Of their honour, and power, the Buckler and
Of *Monarchy*, Allegiance. (Tower

71. Who

[71]

Who see's not his learning hath little discerning,
 Bu't as blind as an Owle or a Widgon;
 Dull *Atheist* for why, who his worth doth deny,
 Must also the Truth of Religion.

[72]

But least I should stain, should wound or prophane,
 So precious and sacred a thing,
 As *Grotius*, his name, by blending the same,
 With such trifles as these that I bring.

[73]

He leave him to rest after stormes at the best,
 Good marble lie light on his head:
Holland brags of his birth, and *France* of his earth,
 And the World of his bookes it is said.

[75]

But the shade dogs the Sun, and the dog bates the
 No vertue without its disgraces: (*Moon*
 Though such stories and flams, are but foiles unto
 Or black patches to beautiful faces. (*Gems*,

[76]

The *Thredbeare* pedant, gan to strut and to vaunt,
 Cals *Grotius*, a Gobernole Preist;
 A rotten *Arminian*, and wicked *Socinian*,
 And the short pushing Horne of the Beast.

[77]

Base vile Runegado, franciscan Bravado,
 Idolater, Cavaleer, what not:
 Apostate, bad liver, and reprobate silver,
 And the stripling his Second a hot shot.

[78]

His Discourses are weak, and his Arguments eke,
But his Tenents and principles Hideous,
His Lattine withal and his eloquence small,
But his pride and ambition prodigious.

[79]

Nor doth he admire *Hugo* or the Squire,
But rather demires them both:
Gramercy good Joke, tis a quible is spoke,
And the man is a wit by my troth.

[80]

But such was the sting of the zealous thing,
That he called as many bad names,
As the Papists did *Parry*, the monk did *Old Harry*,
And the boatswain the *Billings-gate* dames.

[81]

Sir I doth ingage, 'thought passion or rage,
To vindicate *Grotius* his fame;
But as for himself let the whippiting else,
Talk himself out of breath a Gods name.

[82]

'Tis beneath a great Soul, to regard what a fool
His person or learning shall stile,
From a Hector or Drab, 'twould call for a stab
From a Gentleman only a smile.

[83]

A smile sometime will, as fatally kill
as a Poniard, a Sword or a Dagger,
Not to mind or regard, an affront's a reward
Sufficient to make a fool swagger.

[84]

His blood was too thin, and his person too mean
to merit revenge from Sir J.

His boys shall chastise, his base contumelies ;
what Eagle will cope with a Flye ?

[85]

Let the dogs bough-wough soon, our Knight like
shall move in his orbe and his sphear, (the Moon
His fame shall be hurl'd, thorough the *Brittish* world
and his light maugre clouds shall appear.

[86]

Sharpe tongues, blubber lips, no more can eclipse
his worth then a punctum of earth,
Then a cloud or a shade, can skreen and invade
the Sun in his glory and mirth.

[87]

Let *E.* and his train go learn *Cato* again,
and then let 'em come and discourse ;
Though the Coffee-house can't of much comple-
yet its dialect is not so course. (ment vant

[88]

But who would have thought, that a business of
should occasion such words with a p——(nought
When 'twas only I trow, which should uppermost
An English tale or Butterbox. (go

[89]

Sir J. God forbid, he did no way recede
from Nature, from Honor or Reason :
Nor did he forswear his own Climate and air,
which would amount almost to treason.

C

90. He

[90]

He acknowledged then, that no learned men
have ever been bred on the main,
Then have flourisht some while in this troublesom
and may so for all this again. (Isle

[91]

Yet 'tis justice say you, to give all men their due,
Hugo Grotius wrote rarely well,
And what we can't reach to condemn and impeach
is the pride of the Angels that fell.

[92]

Then let pitiful *E* crouch down on his knee,
and to the Knight pardon implore :
His boys you may swear, with many a tear
for lesser mistakes have done more.

[93]

So thus together they came, like two Cocks of the
But what was the issue say you sirs? (game,
E. had the best beak, if I may so speak,
But Sir *J*. had the sharper Spurs.

E N I S.

